



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Analysis of the Apple.

Table with 2 columns: Substance, Quantity. Rows include Carbonic acid, Silica, Phos. of Iron, Phos. acid, Lime, Magnesia, Potash, Soda, Chlorine, Sulphuric Acid, Organic matter.

Dr. Salisbury observes that in silica the apple is by no means rich, containing in the varieties examined from about 1 to 2.3 per cent.

The phosphate of iron ranges from about 1 to 2.9 per cent.; the phosphoric acid from 11 to 15 per cent.; the lime from about 3 to 5 per cent.; the magnesia from about 1 to 2.2 per cent.; the potash from about 35 to 42 per cent.; the soda from 19.3 per cent. to 30.4 per cent.; the chlorine from 1.85 to 2.33 per cent.; and sulphuric acid from 6.66 to 8.02 per cent.

One thousand pounds of dry apple contain between 17 and 18 lbs. of water.

One hundred pounds of the ashes, according to the analysis, deprived of the carbonic acid which is formed while burning, contain 13 lbs. of phosphoric acid, 7 lbs. sulphuric acid, 38 lbs. of potash, and 25 lbs. of soda.

The organic materials in the apple are made up, principally of a species of gum, and also of sugar and vegetable extract, mastic acid, albumen, &c., all of which the Dr. has laid down in tables with their several proportions.

What is the practical use of this analysis, you may say? Why, a guide to the best kinds of manures for your orchards. Supply it with such manures as will afford the material found in apples, viz.: for phosphoric acid, bones in the form of burnt bones, or bone dust; Sulphuric acid and lime, in the form of plaster of Paris; Potash, in the form of ashes and such like materials, &c., &c.

By knowing what are the principal materials of the apple, we can judge better what it requires for food itself, in order to give us the greater return.

Muck.

If it becomes sufficiently dry to allow you to dig it, be sure to lay in a good store of muck, to be converted into manure for use next spring.

Dr. Field stated once before the New York Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, that he managed muck in this way. "This year I have raised a thousand cart loads of muck upon my fields, and my crops are fine. I have it hauled out of the muck holes in August, when the weather is dry, after the harvest is over. I haul it out with a scraper to a spot where the water will drain off. When winter comes it freezes thoroughly, and in the spring it will crumble. I then make a layer of it a foot thick—on that four inches of stable dung—then one inch of straw—then a layer of muck, as before, until the heap is seven feet high. My peas, beans, onions, &c., grown on land sown with this compost, are luxuriant. I also place the muck on the floor of my stable—sprinkle a little ground plaster upon it—then place the bedding over that—when being trampled upon and leaving the urine &c. in it, I take it away and begin a new layer of muck. In this way I treat the barn-yard."

We do not know what the quality of Dr. Field's muck was in the commencement, but his mode of managing and decomposing it is good for any kind.

Transactions of N. Y. State Ag. Society.

The volume of the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, for 1849, has been received. It is a volume of 944 pages, and contains a vast amount of matter pertaining to the Agricultural interests of that flourishing State, as well as to the other industrial departments. These Transactions, embodying and preserving as they do so much valuable information, are exceedingly valuable to every one, not only as sources of knowledge on various topics, but also as a work of reference in regard to statistical facts which are recorded in them, and thus become fixed, for those who wish to consult them.

Maine and the West. The Bangor Courier says: "Our friend, Albert Norton, Esq., in writing to us from Wisconsin, says that the Western country is overrun with mechanics of every kind, and gives it as his opinion that laboring men and mechanics can do better in Maine than in the West, unless they wish to engage in farming, and even in that case they should be sure to take money enough with them from Maine to purchase a farm, as money can be earned a great deal easier in Maine than in the West; for although money is scarce in Maine, it is ten times more so in the West."

Culture of Onions.

In this section of Maine it has been almost impossible to raise onions, because of the ravages of an insect that lays its egg in the stalk, which hatches a maggot which soon destroys them.

We have thought a few hints on the subject might be of use at the present time in order to induce others to try some experiments.

It has been suggested that the egg of the fly is laid in the seed and not in the stalk and that if the seed be soaked a short time in warm water these eggs would be hatched, and thus the maggot be got rid of. Let this be tried faithfully and carefully. Then we would suggest that seed be sown at this time of the year. Perhaps the fly will not operate so late in the season. If they do not, the onions will grow as large as acorns or walnuts. Take them in the fall and lay them away where they will be preserved until spring. Then set them out early—they will grow and thus become early onions.

Another mode of raising early onions in spite of the fly is to set out large onions, as if for seed. When the stalk grows up break the top away. This prevents it from going to seed, and it will push out bulbs from the old one, which may be detached and set out, and thus early onions obtained.

Perhaps the Tartar method might be serviceable among us. We are told by travellers that the Tartars never sow the seed of onions, because they think that too long a process. They dry and smoke in a chimney those that they wish to propagate, and in spring, when the time to plant has arrived, they cut them diagonally into quarters, but so as not to separate the pieces entirely from each other. They set these onions in rows, when thus prepared, in good soil well dug, but not freshly manured, at about ten inches from each other and two inches deep. These onions are said to increase extraordinarily, and grow large and strong. We cannot vouch for this mode, having never tried it.

The potato onion, we believe, has never been tried much if any among us. This is a variety that are planted in hills, or buried like potatoes in hills, and they come up and grow well, and produce abundantly.

We suggest these ideas with a hope that on trial some of them will prove to be successful. We would formerly raise onions with great ease, but not now. We are under the necessity of importing large quantities into the State. Instead of that, we ought to be exporters of them.

Fine Specimens of Winter Wheat.

We have received some beautiful samples of two varieties of winter wheat, from our old friend, Nathan Foster. He is now foreman of the farming operations at Oakland, the seat of R. H. Gardner, Esq., in Gardner. This variety of grain, we well remember, was raised successfully at this place, more than twenty years ago. Mr. Gardner demonstrated, at that time, the great advantage of sowing in August, and it was from the success of his crops on this farm that we became convinced of the practicability of raising winter wheat among us, and that Maine could be made to raise her supply of bread.

We copy below Mr. Foster's letter:

GARDNER, AUG. 26, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—With this I send you some samples of winter wheat, which I have raised this year. No. 1 is from seed procured a few years ago by Mr. B. Nason, of Hallowell, in New York, and I suppose it to be the White Flint. No. 2 is the Poland wheat, and is not a fair specimen. A small part of this "lodged," before it filled; and some of the sheaves of lodged wheat were threshed with the lot from which the sample was taken. Neither kind "winter killed," rusted, or was molested by the weevil. The crop is not all threshed, but is estimated at twenty-five bushels to the acre. I think No. 1 will compare well with any of the "Banner wheat." My mode of cultivation was as follows: I turned over a piece of mowing land to the depth of ten inches; then rolled the furrows down flat, and spread on my manure and sowed my seed, and plowed the whole with a one-horse plow. I am sowing four or five acres this year in the same manner, and will furnish seed to others, who wish to try it, at two dollars per bushel.

Wheat—thick and thin Sowing.

Mr. Adam Clark, of Yates county, N. Y., made a set of experiments, designed to have a bearing upon the question of the thick or thin sowing of grain, a statement of which is published in the last volume of the Transactions of the State Agricultural Society. This question is strongly agitated, at the present time, not only in this country but in Europe. The Committee of the Society, who had Mr. C.'s statement under consideration, say that "it has been usually estimated that in broad cast sowing of wheat, under favorable circumstances as to weather and condition of the soil, the average deposit of seed is 48 grains to a square foot, if so, an acre of broad cast requires 2,900,800 grains; and estimating this quantity at the weight of Mr. Clark's wheat, it gives 3 bushels and 44 lbs. per acre. It would have been advisable to measure and weigh the seed before planting, as well as after harvest, as season and cultivation may essentially vary the relative quantity and quality of the seed and the product. We would have been pleased to know also whether every seed planted, arrived at maturity; if not, what proportion was perfect or destroyed. It is well known that a large percentage of the wheat sown broad cast is lost to the farmer. We need, therefore, very exact observation, to approximate a fair estimate of comparisons. It is not from any isolated experiment we can venture to draw a final conclusion, and on this account we would urge Mr. Clark to continue his experiments, until repeated similar results may justify a general rule."

Mr. Clark's statement is as follows: "On the 23d of September, 1849, I prepared four beds of ground to plant with wheat, on a summer fallow that had been twice plowed during the summer. The ground was prepared by finely pulverizing it with a hoe and rake, to the depth of eight inches. Four beds were accurately measured, each one-fourth of a rod square, leaving a walk of about 7 inches between them; they were numbered and subdivided as follows: No. 1 in squares

Hay Caps.

Mr. Editor:—I see in your last paper that you rather discourage the use of Hay Caps, and doubt the utility of making them. I have used them three or four years, and have found them of very great use in case of storms. You will recollect that we had a very severe storm on Friday, the 19th inst. On the 18th, I put up sixty cocks of hay and capped them, and they stood till Monday the 22d. I then opened them, and got it in. The hay was sweet—not more colored than I have had it by a heavy dew. I considered that each cock was enough better to pay for the cap. My neighbors who had hay out, thought it very much hurt—it was blacked and soured.

To test my caps, when I first got them, I mowed a piece of rowen, cocked it up, and let it stand a month. The bottoms were injured from the ground, but the tops were dry and sweet as when first cut, although there had been several heavy rains.

Your correspondent asks how and what they are made. Take sheeting, one and one-fourth to one and one-half yards wide; tear it into squares; and with a tape needle put a loop in each corner—and they are done. Prepare four sticks about eighteen inches long, for each cap; let two hands, at opposite corners, draw the cap down tight over the cock, and pass the stick through the loop, and up (not down) into the cock of hay, and it will stand both wind and rain a month, if you wish.

I got about 100 caps, and have seldom wished to use more. I do not put them on when the weather looks fine, nor can I always get them on in case of a shower, but I think I have not missed using them when I had hay in cock in case of a storm, for four years. Yours, with respect,

Ed. Emerson.

Holts, N. H., July 29, 1850.

We find no difficulty in securing our hay when we are not suddenly overtaken by a shower; and our correspondent admits that caps cannot be used in case of such showers. We never calculate on letting hay stand out a week or a month; but should it stand so long, we should prefer to have no other cap than that which we make of hay, because a cotton cap would hold wet longer than any kind of hay would hold it.

(Ed. Massachusetts Ploughman.)

Pickling Cucumbers.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts Ploughman, Mr. J. Holt, of Andover, gives the following directions for pickling cucumbers: "To a pailful of water add one half pint of salt, boil this and pour it on your cucumbers; let them stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the brine and boil again, and pour boiling hot on your pickles; repeat this the third and fourth days; then the fifth day pour off the brine and boil fresh water and pour on them; let them stand twenty-four or thirty-six hours, always remembering to cover them to keep in the steam; the sixth day boil good cider-vinegar and pour on it; add alum, horse-radish, cloves, and other spice to suit the taste. If the vinegar is not prime, the pickles will not keep: the boiling should be done in brass or copper." The writer further says that if this recipe is followed, he will warrant as good pickles as were ever seen in Boston, and they will keep for aught he knows to carry round the globe. He has had them keep without any trouble more than a year, and the last were as good as the first.

Another correspondent of the same paper adds, after giving directions for making cucumber pickles: "Pickles prepared in this way will keep an indefinite length of time, and preserve all the freshness of the first pickling, by paying proper attention to the vinegar. After standing some days, a scum will rise and cover the surface of the vinegar. When this takes place, the vinegar should immediately be taken out and sealed, the scum skimmed off, and then while hot poured again to the pickles. This should be repeated until the scum has entirely disappeared, and the vinegar become pure."

Tomato Sauce and Butter.

A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer writes over the signature of "Amada," making the following directions: "Amada" makes tomato sauce and butter, so as to taste good and keep long.

"The question has often been asked me by my neighbors, 'How do you make tomato sauce?' As tomatoes are taking a high price among establishments, I think it would not be useless to know how to cook them, to suit the taste of every one.

Pick one full pail of grown, green tomatoes; put them into boiling water: let them boil until the skin cracks and peels up; skim them out and peel them; cut them about as fine as you would fruit for preserves; put them into a brass kettle; add one pint of good sharp vinegar, and one pint and a half of molasses; boil about an hour and a half, taking much pains not to burn them on the bottom; take them out into an earthen dish, mix well two table spoonsful of pulverized cinnamon, (alpine will do, but it is not so good), and set it in a cool, dry place, and it will keep several days; but when you find your sauce considerably better than it has been, scald it, or it will be spoiled by the next meal. If vinegar is scarce, take common wild grapes, throw them into water and immediately take them out, (this takes off the bitter taste,) and then stew them, and strain the juice into the tomatoes; or, make the sauce of about one-third blackberries. I never knew any one to eat of sauce made in the above way that did not like it.

I promised to say something about preserving butter; so here it comes next. When the butter is taken out of the churn, remove as much of the milk as can be done with the ladle without much trouble; mix in the salt; put it into a keel over a slow fire, and as it melts, skim off all the froth that rises; then pour off the oil through a strainer, set it away to cool, and it will be harder than common butter, and thus you remove every thing there is in butter that hurts quicker than lard or tallow. I have butter now, made in that way last fall, that is quite too fresh to be palatable, and yet it is as sweet as new butter. Try it, one and all; and then, when you sell it, do not accept the price of butter for milk, but charge the worth of pure butter, and people will soon learn the difference between salt butter and good butter."

WORTHY OF Imitation. Nearly all the great thoroughfares in France are to be bordered by trees, by order of the ministry. This will add greatly to the beauty of the country.

The Root Crops.

The following is an extract from the valuable Prize Essay of Prof. John P. Norton, entitled "Elements of Scientific Agriculture." For this work Prof. N. received a prize of \$100 from the New York State Agricultural Society.

In the root crops we find quite different characteristics from any yet mentioned. In some of them starch, a somewhat entirely disappears, other bodies of a somewhat similar nature taking its place. The potato, and a few other less known crops, are exceptions. Another distinguishing feature is the quantity of water which they all contain. About 16 per cent. has been the highest amount hitherto mentioned, but now we shall find a very greatly increased proportion.

The potato, as taken from the ground, contains about 75 per cent. of water, or three-fourths of its whole weight; of the remainder, from 14 to 20 per cent. is starch. There is about 1 per cent. of a nitrogenous compound like albumen, and the rest is made up of woody fiber, gum, and sugar. The starch of the potato is contained in little cells, and is in small rounded masses. Grating destroys the cells, and water will separate the starch as described before. When the tuber is attacked by potato disease, its first appearance is in the walls of the cells, the starch can even be separated after the disease has progressed till the potato is worthless for any other purpose.

By keeping, the starch of potatoes gradually diminishes, being converted into a species of gum. This is the reason why potatoes are apt to be watery and soft in the spring, and to have a disagreeable sweetish taste. When they are allowed to sprout, from being in a warm place, a great deterioration ensues. This is for the reason that the starch in the grains, being turned in a great degree to sugar and gum during germination, goes into the young shoot; subtracting, of course, much from the nutritive qualities of the tuber.

The turnip abounds still more in water than the potato. The proportion given by Bousinac, is nine-tenths of its whole weight; other authors agree in making it about the same quantity. The remaining tenth contains woody fiber, a little oily substance, some gum, and about one per cent. of nitrogenous compound. There is nothing more than a trace of starch, but a small per centage of a substance called pectine, which seems to answer the same purpose in feeding.

The mangold-wurzel, the carrot, the beet, and the parsnip, all contain in their fresh state from 85 to 90 per cent. of water. The parsnip and the carrot have a little more of nitrogenous compounds than the others. The sugar-beet, according to Payen, has about 10 per cent. of sugar; carrots and parsnips, which are also quite sweet, have from 5 to 7 per cent. In nearly all of these roots, there are small quantities of starch, gum, and oily matter.

Such facts as the above may seem to place these crops very low in the scale, as to their nutritive properties; but before we decide this question, we must consider the amount that is produced per acre.

Twenty-five tons of turnips is not an uncommon crop on good land; if these contain but 10 lbs. of solid matter in every 100, the aggregate amount from 25 tons would be 5000 lbs.

Thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, at 60 lbs. per bushel would only give 1800 lbs. The dry matter of the turnip is nearly as nutritious as wheaten flour, and we see from the above that there would be nearly three times as much of it. If we take some of the other roots, which produce quite as large a weight per acre and contain less water, the comparison will be still more favorable to root crops.

Indian corn compares better with them. Land that would yield 25 tons of turnips or 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, would produce 60 bushels of corn; and this at 60 lbs. per bushel, would give 3600 lbs. per acre of food, superior to either of the others, weight for weight.

It is plain, from the above facts, that the root crops are of great value. The animal, it is true, has to eat very large quantities, to produce much increase in its size; but then the yield per acre is so exceedingly great, as to more than counterbalance this seeming disadvantage, in the comparison with more concentrated forms of food. The cultivation of these crops, to a considerable extent, will doubtless be found advantageous in districts where the climate and soil are well suited to them.

Amount of Seed Wheat to the Acre.

Mr. Holmes:—A writer in your paper enquires why two bushels and a half of wheat should be required to seed an acre in Arrostook, when a bushel or a bushel and a peck is sufficient in Kennebec. In reply, I would say that in England and Scotland the best farmers uniformly sow three bushels; that in New York the best farmers now admit they have been in the habit of seeding too lightly, and have been in the habit of sowing a little better than a bushel and a half in better than a bushel and a half an acre; that the winter wheat sown here, upon the Kennebec principle, of a bushel to the acre, has uniformly been too thin, and that from experience made, no less quantity than two and a half bushels should be used. Let the wheat be put in with ever so much care, a part of it will be likely to winter kill, and the quantity above stated, would, in my judgment, be sometimes too much, and perhaps sometimes too little, according to the severity of the winter. A field of wheat that would be pronounced about right by some, would be deemed altogether too thin by others. Farmers in this County generally sow from one to one and a half bushels of spring wheat to the acre. I saw three bushels of spring wheat, and five bushels of oats to the acre. The first of July my neighbors thought I should have little or no wheat, but it is now in the stock or in the barn, and will yield about forty-five bushels to the acre. I had fifty-four bushels to the acre last year, with the same quantity of seed. My wheat, this year, was on pasture land, and no extra care was taken in preparing the ground. If friend Field will try a bushel and a half, I think he will be encouraged to sow two bushels next year, and will not stop increasing the quantity of seed until it reaches two and a half or three bushels to the acre.

I freely admit that a less quantity of winter wheat would be required, if it did not winter kill; but with us, in ordinary winters, we may calculate upon losing from one-fourth to one-half by the frost.

Arrostook, Aug. 24, 1850.

TRIMMING TREES. It is not too late to trim trees, and the buds that have last year should now be attended to. If they are suffered to grow too heavy they are liable to be split down by the winds of September.

It is not necessary to cut the branches all close at one time; some may be left six or eight inches long with their leaves on, or to aid the growth of the trunk. The object is to check the growth of the branches, and yet leave enough of leaves to mature the sap. The leaves on the more leaves the better, if the wind has not too much power over them. Leaves on the trunk aid its growth more than leaves on the long branches.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

Remarks on Wheat Culture.

All lands with a subsoil impervious to water, will leave out wheat on the breaking up of winter. It is caused by the surface soil being saturated with water, which the night frost congeals, forming an infinity of icy pillars raised two or three inches above the surface, with the wheat plants embedded in them, and torn up by the roots; the succeeding day thaws the ice, and leaves the wheat on the surface to perish. Whenever wheat is much heated out, it rarely escapes the rust, and the crop is either destroyed or greatly injured. The first object of the agriculturist, in such soils especially, should be to draw off the surplus water. He will plow the fields in lands, that the last furrow on being opened by the plow, after harrowing, will drain off the water. No water should stand on a wheat-field. The spade and shovel should be freely used. But after all this is done, he will find it only a partial preventive. Subsoil plowing would be highly beneficial in such cases; as that would give a greater depth for the water to sink from the surface. The subsoil plow is an important implement of the age. But the most effectual, though it is the most expensive preventive, is under-draining. All the superabundant water can be readily discharged by under-drains.

Early sowed wheat is less liable to freeze out, than late, but is more subject generally to the attacks of the fly. The Rochester wheat, called in this county, the white chaff bearded, requires to be sowed early—from the first of September till the 20th. The red chaff may be sowed much later on an inferior soil, and succeed well; but it is more endangered by late frosts in the spring, and it would be advisable, if it be sown in the early part of March, to feed it with sheep or calves. I greatly prefer the Rochester wheat to the Mediterranean, on a wheat soil that is in good order. But it should never be sown on fields, which have out wheat much; or, late in the season. It is highly important to sow wheat in good season, that it may have time to take deep root to resist heaving out and I recommend to be done if your ground should be considerably too wet. The succeeding winter will prevent its baking. But the same practice would be very deleterious in the spring.

[Mr. Pow's address, Ohio Ag. Society.]

Shrinkage of Corn.

EDS. CULTIVATOR:—Knowing that a great difference of opinion exists among farmers as to the loss of corn by shrinkage or drying, from the time it is cribbed in the fall, till spring—say the latter part of March, I determined to satisfy myself on this point, at least so far as a single experiment could determine.

On the 23d of November last, the day on which we finished harvesting, I measured two bushels of ears in a standard bushel, as accurately as I could. I then weighed each bushel, found the weights 43 1/2 lbs. and 44 lbs., respectively. The number of ears, 58 in one and 60 in the other. I had one pared shelled, and got 33 1/2 lbs. by weight, and half a bushel and half a peck by measure, and 10 lbs. of cobs. The cobs of corn were spread in a dry place, where it remained till a few days since, when it had lost just half a peck, or 50 per cent. by measure, and a fraction over 3 lbs. or 10 per cent. in weight.

This shows a difference of 10 per cent. between the loss by weight and measure. How is this difference to be accounted for? Is it owing to the minute division of the water in the corn, that while we find a loss in weight that should occupy a space less than three pints, there is an actual loss of eight pints in bulk? So that I was prevented from ascertaining the loss on the cobs.

The other bushel of ears was kept in a dry, dry place, and shelled a few days ago, and gave just half a bushel of corn, weighing thirty and a quarter pounds.

These are the facts, as gathered from my small experiment. The corn was a variety of the white, between the Gourd-seed and Flint—a mixed variety having from ten to twenty-six rows. The corn was in good condition for housing, at the time we finished husking.

N. W. McCORMICK.

Independence, Md. 1850. [Albany Cultivator.]

Management of Geese.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to your correspondent George Mayor, I would say, Mr. Ames's management is simply this: he selects Bremen geese and mountain geese, which cross makes large geese and early goslings. For a peck, he gives them a pen or the open field, as they may choose. When they lay, he takes the eggs into the house, and turns them once or twice a day until they are ready to set. When nearly time for them to hatch, he dips the eggs into warm water to moisten the shell, and to see if there is any life in them, which may be known by their motion in the water. He feeds the goslings on corn or corn and scraps, until ready for market, which is in eight or ten weeks. Mr. Ames has raised this season, fifty-four goslings from three geese, thirty-eight at the first litter, and sixteen at the second, from two geese. For the first litter he has received sixty-one dollars and thirty-seven cents; the second litter are not yet sold. We hope Mr. Ames's success will not be the means of imposing upon purchasers a price beyond their real value, as geese are now selling from one to two dollars each.

WILLIAM A. TILDEN.

[Boston Cultivator.]

Deep Tillage.

DEEP TILLAGE. Deep till is conducive to fruitfulness in crops; but it is possibly may be safest, to increase the depth gradually, by manure with a free and liberal hand, and to apply lime each time the soil may be deepened; which should never exceed more than one or two inches of the hard pan, in any one year; that to be regulated by the character of the sub-soil to be tilled up. Such deepening should always be made in the fall, to give the inverted soil the benefit of the neutralizing effects of the lime, and the disinfecting influence of the winter's frosts. Two or three bushels of freshly slaked lime per acre, spread over the upturned earth, would answer for such purpose. [Am. Farmer.]

Wooden Suspension Bridge.

Mr. Ammi White, of Concord N. H., has invented what may be termed a substitute for the wire suspension bridge, with many valuable additions, especially when used for railroad purposes. The railroad bridge is constructed by first erecting towers fifty feet high for a single span of five hundred feet. The stringers, or cords, are made of narrow boards, doubled and bolted together, on a curve of forty feet in five hundred feet, and fastened firmly at each end, to timbers which are locked in the towers to other timbers, which run some hundred and fifty feet on shore, fastened firmly by masonry. Any number of cords, from five to ten on a curve, hung directly over each other, with suspension rods on each side of the pile, bolted to blocks which rest on the stringers. The rods are twenty feet long at the middle of the stream, and thirty feet at the shore, which gives the roof a depression of ten feet in the whole length; and being formed by bolting boards together slightly diagonally, and being firmly fastened to the towers, are a great support to the bridge, as it is suspended by these rods which go through the roof and are fastened on the top.

The covering of the sides is made like the roof, by bolting boards diagonally to the suspension rods, and also to the towers and timbers on shore, which, being firmly fastened, form an immense cord or tube, that, supported by the stringers before named, will bear any required weight, with little or no deflection.

Mr. White has tested a single stringer five hundred feet long, at Concord, N. H., on a curve of only twenty feet, where he bore the test to his satisfaction, says the Am. Cultivator. He has now at the City Hotel, Brattle Street, a model bridge, for common use, about eighteen feet long; the whole weight of the stringers is less than thirty pounds, between the abutments, yet they have sustained a weight of more than two tons, and are judged to be capable of bearing six tons. The model will be exhibited a few days, and is well worthy the attention of bridge builders and scientific men. [Farmer and Mechanic.]

Improvement of Grass Lands.

August is a very favorable season for sowing grass seed, especially when it is wet. It will answer to sow very early in September, but the sooner it is sown after the 1st of that month, the better. Omit the clover seed until March, as it is liable to winter-kill when sown late in summer or in fall.

Grass lands that need renovation, and are too wet for tillage, may be improved by ploughing, thoroughly inverting the sod, and laying it over smooth and even; then manure the land well, and harrow thoroughly, first longwise, then crosswise, so as not to turn up the sod. When finely and deeply pulverized, and the surface made level, sow grass seed, and then use a very light harrow or brush harrow.

If grass lands are smooth and level, and free from coarse, wild grass, weeds, &c., they may be improved by a good top-dressing, without ploughing. In some cases lands have been kept in high condition in this way for twenty years, at small expense, and the crops have been large. Under this management, good grass land will furnish manure not only for its own renovation, but a still larger amount of manure for the improvement of other lands.

[New England Farmer.]

CHINESE SUBJECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

It appears not improbable, that this republic will, before long, have a large number of citizens voting for President, and appealing to the constitution, while they worship Confucius, and eat rice with chopsticks. The California Courier has the following statement on the subject:—"San Francisco probably has a population of one thousand Chinese, and this population is the most orderly, industrious and prudent, of any class in our city. You never catch any of the long queues in any of the haunts of dissipation, and, for consequence, none of them on the police books. They are generally pretty good mechanics—some of them keep restaurants, and a few trade in nick-nacks and curiosities. When lumber was scarce in the market, a large quantity was brought from Chinese ports, ready framed and matched for ten-forties."

The Chinese are, in some respects, the Yankees of the East. Their redundant population overflows into all the neighboring countries—and wherever they go, they are sure to get the cream of all the trade. Large communities of them are found scattered throughout all Farther India, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, where they uniformly show themselves superior to the people among whom they settle, in civilization, intelligence, industry, thrift, orderly behavior, and all the qualities of good citizens. There is no doubt that the attractions of commerce and gain, will draw still greater numbers of them into the Pacific territories of the United States, where they will enjoy what they have never yet possessed out of their own country, a perfect political equality with the people among whom they reside. With this important advantage, the excellent natural genius of the Chinese may undergo developments leading to the most important results. When many thousands of Chinese understand our language, and the spirit of our social and political institutions, it will be impossible to prevent a flood of knowledge from penetrating into the heart of the Chinese empire, and working out consequences, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. [Boston Courier.]

PRESERVING TOMATOES FOR TABLE USE.

TOMATOES may be so prepared as to be kept a long time, and when cooked are almost as good as the fresh fruit. The following is a receipt sent us a few years since by a subscriber in South Carolina.

Prepare the tomatoes as for cooking, (without seasoning,) boil them one hour; then put them in small sauce jars; cork and boil the jars for two hours, then take them out and seal them air-tight. When opened, season, &c., and cook for half an hour. [Albany Cultivator.]

POTATOES.

We regret to announce that the potato disease has made its appearance in the neighborhood, and is now progressing with the same violence as in former years. We understand the disease has not as yet made so much headway up the country as in the vicinity of the city, though it has been noticed in several quarters. [St. John Courier.]



R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 5, 1850.

THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN 1851.

It is to be hoped that the people of Maine will not be backward in furnishing for the exhibition to be held at London, next year, an assortment of articles as come within the materials of the enterprise. There are materials sufficient both of natural product and manufactured to make as fine a display as can be sent from any other section. We approve the suggestion of Brother Drew, that the people of Maine not only bring forward such articles as can be furnished in our borders, worthy a place at such a display as is contemplated, but send it there in a Maine Ship, manned with Maine boys, and have them all exhibited as the products of our State.

It is an undertaking that will require time, labor and funds. Where the latter are to be obtained is not yet certain.

That our readers may know what progress has been made in this matter we will here give the following statements.

Gov. Hubbard having received a circular from the Central Committee at Washington requesting him to appoint a committee in Maine to correspond and act with them in the promotion of the design—immediately complied with their request by appointing the following named gentlemen, addressing each one with this circular.

COUNCIL CHAMBERS.

August, August 17, 1850.

SIR—You are probably aware, that measures are in progress in England, having for their object an "Industrial Exhibition" from all parts of the civilized world, in May, 1851. I have received a communication from the Central Committee of the United States at Washington, who are in correspondence with the Royal Commissioners, and through whom only the productions of American Art and Industry can be entitled to admission at said exhibition, requesting me to "appoint a local committee or committees, to correspond with them and to select from such articles as may be submitted by the citizens of Maine the most suitable for exhibition," the better to accomplish the objects for which they were appointed and our citizens are enabled to avail themselves of the advantages promised by the exhibition.

In compliance with that request I have taken the liberty to name the following gentlemen for that committee, viz:—Rufus McIntire, Parsonsfield; Stephen L. Goodale, Saco; William P. Haines, Biddeford; Oliver Gerrish, and Charles Q. Clapp, Portland; Daniel C. Emery, Gorham; Robert P. Dunlap, Brunswick; Job Prince, Turner; Edward L. Osgood, Fryeburg; Freeman H. Morse, Bath; Isaac Reed, Waldoborough; Wm. R. Frye, Lewiston; Robert H. Gardner, Gardiner; Samuel K. Gilman, Hallowell; John C. Wells, John D. Lang, Vassalboro; Reuben B. Dunn, Fayette; Ezekiel Holmes, Winthrop; Wm. A. Drew, Augusta; John L. Cutler, Farmington; William Tripp, Union; H. J. Anderson, Belfast; P. M. Morrow, Scarborough; Abner C. Burn, Bloomfield; Samuel Taylor, Fairfield; William Oakes, Sangerville; Franklin Muzzey, Bangor; Lyman Cutler, Dexter; Edward S. Jarvis, Surry; William D. Dana, Perry; Anson G. Chandler, Calais; John Hodgdon, Houlton. I deem it prudent to state that I have no official authority for doing this, and act only through a desire to serve the "Central Committee" and the community, in the promotion of this magnificent undertaking; and while I am aware that the labors of the committee must be gratuitous, I feel not but hope that the Industry, Enterprise, and Natural Resources of Maine, will be fully represented at the Show of the Industrial Skill of Nations.

Very respectfully,
Your old servant,

JOHN HUBBARD.

P. S. I take the liberty of appointing a meeting of the Committee, to be held in the Capitol, Augusta, on Wednesday, August 28th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and hope you will feel an interest in this important subject to be present at that time and place.

Agreeably to the notice as many of the committee as could conveniently attend met at the State House, on the 28th, were called to order by the Governor, and on motion, Hon. Job Prince, of Turner, was chosen Chairman, and E. Holmes, of Winthrop, Secretary.

The Governor then succinctly stated the reasons why he had appointed the committee, and the duties they were expected to perform.

Mr. Drew, of Augusta, read a letter from Hon. Rufus McIntire, of Parsonsfield, stating the reasons why he could not attend, but expressing his willingness to co-operate with the committee. Mr. Goodale, of Saco, also read a letter from the Hon. Wm. P. Haines, of Biddeford, of like import.

The committee were then addressed by Mr. Drew, stating more fully the objects of the exhibition, and what it would be desirable for Maine to do, if it could be accomplished.

Messrs. Holmes, Curn, Goodale, Emery and Sampson, also gave their views and opinions on the subject.

On motion, by E. Holmes, the following resolves were passed unanimously.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee, Maine has abundant resources in natural productions and manufactured articles to enable her to make a very respectable display at the great International Exhibition, to be held in London in May, of 1851.

Resolved, That a Committee of correspondence, research, and plan for accomplishing the enterprise in view, so far as Maine is concerned, be appointed, who shall report at a future meeting.

The chairman then nominated the following gentlemen, who were chosen, viz:—

Messrs. E. Holmes, Winthrop; W. A. Drew, Augusta; S. L. Goodale, Saco; S. K. Gilman, Hallowell; L. Cutler, Dexter.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the same place, on the last Thursday of October, next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

DROWNED. JACKSON WOOD, a young man about 22 years of age, whose friends reside in this city, was drowned on Tuesday, of last week, in Fresh Pond, Cambridge, Mass. The Boston Mail says that he and a friend were crossing the pond in a boat, when, in attempting to gather some lilies, they pressed so hard upon the side of the boat as to upset it. Wood was able to swim, and told his friend to cling to the boat, and he swam a short distance, but became entangled in the weeds or lily roots near the shore, and was drowned. His companion was rescued. Wood's body was brought to this city for interment.

WINTER SESSIONS. The proposition to change the time for holding the sessions of the Legislature from summer to winter is again to be brought before the people at the September election. We are confident that the winter is the most favorable time for the transaction of legislative business, and that the State would be the gainer by making the change proposed.

HIGH RENT. The Custom House at San Francisco is rented at the moderate sum of \$40,000 per annum.

KENNEBEC AND PORTLAND RAILROAD.

We learn that, at a meeting of the Directors of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company, held in this city, on the 26th ult., it was voted that as soon as it is ascertained that the eight hundred thousand dollars can be secured from the several cities and towns, or others, the Directors will proceed to finish the Road to Richmond before winter, and then proceed to make the road to Gardiner and have it running as early as can be, and to finish the Road to Augusta, which can all be done in the course of next year.

At the same meeting, it was voted to accept the Act of the Legislature to enable certain cities and towns to grant aid to the road; and inasmuch as the inhabitants of the cities and towns named in said act, which hold their meetings before others can hold theirs, and determine what they will do, cannot know what the others will do, and are willing to do their part towards raising \$800,000 for the road, if the whole sum can be obtained, in order that each city or town can be enabled to decide for itself what it will do towards raising the \$800,000, it was voted and agreed that no city or town which may agree to accept the act and loan its credit, shall be called upon to issue its scrip, unless the whole \$800,000 shall be raised by the cities and towns named in the act, or part by these and the balance by individuals, and evidence thereof be furnished to the satisfaction of the Mayor and Aldermen of cities and the Selectmen of towns which vote to lend their credit.

The city of Gardiner voted on the question of loaning its credit on Saturday. The vote was 641 yeas, to 311 nays—more than two-thirds in favor.

TO MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURERS.

In the course of the present and the succeeding month there will be held, in this State, some ten or twelve Agricultural Exhibitions, which will be visited by thousands of persons from all parts of the State. The farmers will undoubtedly be awake, and contribute their quota towards making these exhibitions interesting and useful. They are every year becoming more firmly convinced of the practical utility and importance of well conducted exhibitions of this kind. We commenced with the intention of reminding mechanics and manufacturers that these occasions will afford a fine opportunity for the display of articles of their manufacture. For some of them premiums are offered, and for all of them suitable places will be prepared on the grounds, and the committees will take due notice of the same. Let those who manufacture articles that they are not ashamed of, see to it that they send specimens to the forthcoming exhibitions. Premium or no premium, let every shop and manufactory be represented. The benefit would be mutual—purchasers would know where to find the articles they want, and manufacturers would be bringing their wares into notice. Especially is this applicable to those who make or sell agricultural implements.

We have noticed at several of our Fairs a deficiency in this particular, which we hope will not occur again. Let the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the carpenter, the ash and blind maker, the hatter, the tailor, the tanner and currier, the carriage-maker, the harness-maker, the iron founder and machinist, the marble manufacturer, the tinman, the baker and cooper, the Daguerrian artist, the dentist, and many others, whom we do not now recollect, all be represented, not by a single article, but by a variety and quantity, which the aggregate shall fairly represent the mechanical and manufacturing interests of the State.

SULPHUR MIXTURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.

Mr. T. S. Griffin, of Freeport, sends us the following recipe, which he has found highly beneficial in many cases of the prevailing bowel complaints. He mentions several cases in which both adults and children have been cured by this medicine. We have room for only the recipe, this week, which is as follows:—

"Take a junk bottle that will hold a quart, put into it four ounces (avdp.) of Sulphur; then take one pint of good New Rum, add to the Sulphur; now take one ounce (avdp.) of the common Saltpetre, of the shops; dissolve this in half pint of warm water (not hot), add this to the other in the bottle, cork close, shake well, by reversing the bottle: it is a now ready for use. Always shake it well, before taking it, as the Sulphur settles very quick; nothing should be left in the bottle when you are done taking it. For a dose take one or two good awlspikes at a time, for bilious complaints, say Jaundice, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, (bloody or otherwise,) two or three times a day, may be sufficient; but for Cholera Morbus, or Bilious Colic, the treatment should be different, give it often in small doses, to prevent cramp and vomiting, (this is for adults,) abstain from all acids while taking this, as it would be highly prejudicial."

"I have just cured my little daughter ten months old, of the Cholera Infantum, brought on by teething. I gave her some of this once or twice a day, with intermediate doses of Magnesia. For food I gave her fruit gruel, milk and water, with cracker; sometimes a little good tea from the tea cup. She is now bright and hearty."

FATAL ACCIDENT.

On Friday afternoon last, as the train of cars was returning with the picnic party of the Sons of Temperance, Mr. Geo. H. Corser, aged about 30, son of Mr. S. T. Corser, met with an accident which instantly deprived him of life. As the train was approaching a bridge over the track near the Prospect road, a young Corser, who had been sitting on the top of one of the cars, was seen to rise up with his back towards the bridge; this brought his head in contact with the bridge; he was knocked the whole length of the car, and was caught by some one standing on the platform. The blow probably dislocated his neck, killing him instantly.

APPLES AND TURNIPS. We should have acknowledged last week the reception of a lot of "Summer Sweetings," from Mr. Wall. They disappeared very suddenly, and the place they occupied is still vacant.

Mr. Howard Pettengill, of Augusta, left at our office, on Monday, some fine specimens of the "Cow-horn Turnip," a variety which has been but little cultivated in this vicinity. They resemble the English turnip, in quality; but in shape they resemble a cow's horn—hence the name. Some of the roots measure eighteen inches in length.

CATTLE SHOWS AND FAIRS IN MAINE.

Kennebec County Society, at Readfield Corner, October 8th and 10th.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, October 1st and 3d.

Cumberland County, at Portland, October 16th and 17th.

York County, at South Berwick, October 2d and 3d.

Acrook County, at Houlton, Oct. 2d and 3d.

We will give notice of the others when we learn the particulars.

DIVISION OF HALLOWELL.

We learn that the town of Hallowell voted on Monday last to accept the act of the Legislature dividing the town by the river, and incorporating the town of Chelsea, on the east side.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

North Dixmont. We learn that Mr. A. T. C. Dodge has been appointed postmaster at North Dixmont.

Reward. A reward of one thousand dollars has been offered by a committee of the citizens of Calais, for the conviction of the person who recently set fire to the Baptist meeting house in that town.

The Steam Frigate Missouri. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, states that arrangements are now being completed for the removal of the wreck of the steam frigate Missouri, sunk some years since at Gibraltar.

Census. We are beginning to receive a few returns of the census now nearly completed. Rockland contains 5,032 inhabitants. Oldtown, 3,087. East Machias, 1885, increase 33 per cent. Our friends in the different towns in this State, as they have occasion to write to our office, would confer a favor by sending the number of inhabitants in their respective towns.

Capt. Merrill killed. Capt. Henry W. Merrill, of the slave ship Martha, who was arrested in New York on the 18th July last, on charge of being engaged in the slave trade, and has since been committed in default of bail, was liberated on Monday from custody, by Mr. Morton, the U. S. Commissioner, in the sum of \$3000 surety, to answer the charge when called upon for trial.

Oregon. A Washington correspondent of the New York Express states that the expense of carrying on the Government of Oregon, exclusive of Indian affairs, is \$3,500.

Maine Mines. The Bath Tribune states that a silver and copper mine has been discovered on the East side of Georgetown, in this State.

Cholera at West. The St. Louis Republican states that scarcely a boat arrives from the Red River, without deaths on board during the trip. The disease most prevalent in diarrhoea, contracted no doubt by great exposure to heat, and the too free use of cold water, fruits, &c.

Town of Kennebec. This new town has lately been organized by the choice of the necessary town officers. Eliab Lyon, Isaac Wadsworth, and Albert Dagget were chosen selectmen.

New Flour. The Burlington Free Press, announces the arrival at the wharf in that town of the barque Rapid, with 1500 barrels of flour of this year's crop of wheat, direct from Detroit, with one transhipment at Montreal.

Philadelphia Mint. The Director of the mint at Philadelphia, writes that the coinage of that mint has averaged two millions per month, and in July, was two millions six hundred thousand dollars. The coinage for the year there, it is stated will be \$30,000,000. An appropriation of \$60,000 has been placed in the civil bill at Washington, for the aid of the mint.

West Gardiner. This new town composed of territory set off from Gardiner, lately held its first town meeting for the purpose of choosing town officers. Aaron Haskell, Abner Miliken, and Daniel Marston, were chosen selectmen.

Daguerotyping. It is estimated that there are now in the United States 10,000 daguerotypes and 5000 persons indirectly connected with the art. The amount of materials annually consumed in their operations, is valued at two millions of dollars. Mr. Brady, a New York operator, has nearly or quite perfected the art of daguerotyping on ivory.

A trial to the American Steamers. It is said that the Great Britain steamship has been purchased for \$25,000, and that she is to run with passengers on the Pacific, between Panama and San Francisco.

Emigration to the United States. The total emigration from Liverpool to the United States, for the half-year ending July 1st, 1850, was 80,914.

Seen Miles of Counters. The length of the counters for the display of the articles at the World's Fair in London, will amount to seven miles.

College students. In the New England Colleges in 1840, there was an aggregate of two thousand and ninety-three students; in 1849, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen—decrease 180.

California gold. The British Bankers Circular states that about \$9,000,000 of California gold has reached England, direct, and by way of Australia, New South Wales, &c. The amount which has reached the United States is about \$25,000,000.

Wool. A public sale of 300,000 lbs. of wool at New York one day last week, brought \$117,000, at prices mostly varying from 33¢ to 42¢ per lb. A single lot of 4000 lbs. brought three cents.

East Eden. A new Post Office has been established at East Eden, Hancock County, and Capt. Richard Higgins appointed Postmaster.

Unfortunate Californians. The Calais Advertiser says:—"We learn that six of the persons who went to California in the 'Agate' that sailed from Machias last fall, are no more. One of the six died on the passage out, and the other five in the land of gold. The survivors, one and all, are heartily sick of the undertaking, and wish themselves back."

California Mail. The Postmaster of Boston, has received official notice from the Department at Washington, that the 11th and 26th days of each month are now permanently fixed upon for the departure from New York, of the U. S. mail steamships, of the Chagres and California line.

Drowned. Mr. E. G. Boothby, of Bangor, was drowned in the Konkuska stream on Tuesday last while getting logs in the mill yard, followed by the prisoner, supported by Dr. Putnam, and by Jailer Andrews and Mr. Holmes, a turnkey.

The prisoner took his stand upon the trapdoor, or dolly, and immediately raised his right arm, which he held high in the air, and then he fell backwards, and was killed by the fall. He was dressed in a black frock coat; buttoned up in front, black pants and shoes, without any neckcloth, and only a portion of the shirt bosom visible. He immediately entered into conversation with his spiritual adviser, which he continued as long as practicable, and with apparent calmness and composure.

Deputy Sheriff Coburn called the attention of the witnesses, &c., to the reading of the Executive order, and then he read, in a loud and audible manner, the Sheriff—who, with his officers and the assembly, generally, remained with uncovered heads during the reading, with the exception of the prisoner.

The prisoner was then seated, while Mr. Andrews proceeded to confine his elbows by a strap, which also passed around the body and tied the hands crosswise in front. Another strap was bound around the legs, just above the knees.

After passing the strap, the prisoner was taken by the neck, and was drawn down and adjusted around his neck by Deputy Sheriff Rugg.

The knot was placed a little behind the right ear; and the rope being applied drawn too closely, the culprit's countenance soon flushed and his eyes filled with tears, when the noose was instantly slackened.

The black cap was drawn over the head by Messrs. Rugg and Holmes; thus shutting out forever from the prisoner's mortal vision the beautiful sunlight and blue sky of this fair summer day.

The flushed appearance of the prisoner's face continued as the cap was descending; and, to the last moment, he turned his eyes sideways upon Dr. Putnam, who stood at the left, leaning upon the railing, and much affected, when men are engaged in gambling and drinking, they neither think of high nor low pressure (saying the former.)

Sheriff Evelevh announced, that in the name of the Commonwealth he should now proceed to carry into effect the sentence of the law, and im-

EXECUTION OF JOHN W. WEBSTER.

The closing scene of that horrid tragedy which commenced with the murder of Dr. Parkman, and which has since attracted so large a share of public attention, took place in the yard of the Levee Street Jail on Friday last. The guilty yet unfortunate Webster was brought out to suffer a violent and ignominious death as the penalty of the law which he had violated. The indulgence of his base passions and criminal profligacy in society to become the tenant of a murderer's cell, and to end his days on the scaffold, was the way of the transgressor is hard!

The contemplation of such scenes is unpleasant, and we would gladly turn from them, yet as so much interest has been manifested in this case, and there is a general expectation that some account of the execution of Prof. Webster will be given, we make the following extracts from the Boston papers.

The Traveller says that after Dr. Putnam left the prisoner at 9 o'clock on the previous night, he conversed with his watchmen, Constable Jones and Jail Officer Leighton, chiefly on religious subjects, until midnight. He then fell asleep, but did not sleep soundly. He occasionally awoke, conversed, and again fell asleep.

After Dr. Putnam left, he continued to read passages from the bible, until exhausted, when he requested Mr. Jones to read to him. Many passages referring to his case, the tenor of his peculiar sufferings, were marked in his bible; and in other books pieces of poetry of similar tenor. He seemed to rejoice that his days of suffering and trial were about over, and that he had been granted time for repentance. He regretted, however, that he had not been able to do more for himself.

He selected several verses of poetry to be read to him, that had reference to the dangers of dissipation in early life.

The prisoner partook of a slight breakfast, of which he invited two officers of the jail to partake, and afterwards furnished them with cigars, but he did not smoke himself. At this moment the condemned criminal was singularly calm, manifesting more self-possession than the officers themselves were enabled to command.

By last night's words Dr. Webster, just as the cap was drawn over his face, are reported to have been, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

A police officer informs us that he was offered twenty dollars by an individual for admission to the execution.

Letter from Prof. Webster to Rev. Dr. F. Parkman.

The following letter, communicated for the Boston Transcript, was addressed by Prof. Webster to the Rev. Dr. Parkman, and a copy retained in the possession of the former, which he confided to a friend with permission to make such disposition of it as he might see fit, after his own decease. We mention this in order that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed, may not be suspected of having disregarded the request which it contains.

BOSTON, Aug. 6, 1850.

REV. DR. PARKMAN. Dear Sir, I cannot leave this world in the peace of mind which I pray, without addressing you as the head of that family to which I have so deeply injured and afflicted, and make known to you the bitter anguish of soul, the sincere contrition and penitence I have felt at having been the cause of affliction under which you and they have been called to mourn.

I can offer no excuse for my wicked and fatal error, but what you already know, nor would I attempt to palliate it.

I had never, until the two or three last interviews with your brother, felt towards him anything but gratitude for his many acts of kindness and friendship.

That I should have allowed the feelings excited on those occasions to have overpowered me so as to involve the life of your brother, and my own temporal and eternal welfare, I can, even now, never realize.

I may not receive from you forgiveness in this world, yet I cannot but hope and believe you will think of me with compassion, and remember me in your prayers to Him who will not turn away from the humble and penitent.

Mr. Blanchard, by whom I was told that you would lay them all down, could I, in the least, atone for the injury I have done, or alleviate the affliction I have caused; but I can now only pray for forgiveness for myself, and for every consolation and blessing upon the souls of your family.

In justice to those dearest to me, I beg to assure you, and I entreat you to believe me, no one of my family had the slightest doubt of my entire innocence up to the moment when your brother was murdered, and your sister by Dr. Putnam.

That they have your sincere pity and sympathy I feel assured.

There is no family towards every member of which I have always felt a greater degree of respect and regard than that of which you are now the head. From more than one I have received repeated acts of friendship and kindness, for which I have ever been and am most truly grateful.

Towards yourself in particular have not only my religious hopes, but of the most sincere regard and gratitude, but every individual of my family has felt towards you that you were their father and friend.

Often has my wife recalled the interest you took in her from her first becoming pregnant; and often has she spoken, with feelings of deep gratitude, of the influence of your public ministrations and of your private instructions and conversations, and of your direction of her religious views, and reading in what related to her religious views.

These have often recalled and referred to having firmly established the religious faith and trust which are now such sources of consolation and support to her and our children, as well as to myself.

Nothing that has occurred has weakened these feelings, and although those I leave behind me may not meet you without the keenest anguish, I trust you will exonerate them from any participation in the knowledge of the father's sin, upon the moment I have mentioned, and may you remember them in your prayers to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God.

I beg you, my dear sir, to consider this strictly a private letter, and to not make it give publicity; at the same time I will request you to make known to the immediate members of your family the state of my feelings and my contrition.

That every consolation and blessing may be vouchsafed to yourself, and to every member of your family, is the healthful prayer of

Yours, most respectfully,
(Signed) J. W. WEBSTER.

The Boston correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard writes of Dr. Webster as follows:—"I have heard from good authority that poor Dr. Webster, had a taste in his youth, like the famous George Byron, for going to executions, and that when he was in London, near forty years ago, when the hostile Sheriffs used almost every Monday to send their friends this notice, 'Hang at eight, breakfast at nine,' he was seldom missed, one of those beholders entered the moment I have mentioned, and may you remember them in your prayers to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God."

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LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

Compiled from the Reports in the Thirtieth Session of the Legislature, 1850.

SENATE. Bill in relation to the publication of intentions of marriage, was indefinitely postponed in conference.

Bill additional in relation to the adjuvency of (providing for the distribution of 200 per cent. of the school fund equally among the several districts in the towns, and the residue per capita,) was indefinitely postponed.

Bill to incorporate the proprietors of the Gardiner and Pittsburg Kennebec bridge, came up for assignment. The several amendments of the House were concurred in. A remonstrance signed by Frederic Allen and others protesting against the amendment made by the House limiting the depth of water under the draw to 13 feet instead of 15 feet, and requesting the striking out of the words of certain corporations, was read. A motion for indefinite postponement prevailed, yeas 10, nays 12.

Finally passed—Resolves, providing for repair of county road near Kennebec, and for the repair of the town of Kennebec; establishing the valuation for the State of Maine; in favor of Sarah T. Webster; providing for the expenses of members and officers of the House of Representatives; in favor of the valuation, incurred by sickness, in favor of the heirs of Daniel Ring, deceased; for the repair of the State House; relating to the valuation of the town of Kennebec; authorizing the treasurer to make a temporary loan in behalf of the State; in favor of the town of Chester; in favor of the sale of real estate in the town of Brewer belonging to the Penobscot tribe of Indians; resolve in favor of the inhabitants of the town of Chester; in favor of Long Island plantation; authorizing the Treasurer to make a temporary loan in behalf of the State; in favor of Hampden Academy.

House. The resolve allowing \$200 additional to the Adjutant General was indefinitely postponed, yeas 77, nays 29.

The resolves respecting our navigation laws were referred to a select committee, yeas 69, nays 20.

Bill to establish Gardner Bridge was returned from the Senate, indefinitely postponed. On motion of Mr. Wheeler, the House insisted on its former vote.

Finally passed—Resolve establishing state valuation for 1850; in favor of Sarah T. Webster; in favor of town of Kennebec; providing for the repair of the road from Kingsbury to Moosehead Lake; providing for the expenses of members and officers of the House, and valuation clerks, incurred by sickness; in favor of the heirs of Daniel Ring, deceased; for the repair of the State House; relating to the valuation of the town of Kennebec; for repair of State House; bills, to incorporate Richmond Bank; erecting Norway Village Corporation; additional to city charter of Gardiner; regulating salmon, shad and alewife fishing in Kennebec river.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28.

SENATE. Finally passed—Resolve in favor of St. Albans Academy; altering the valuation of the State; for the repair of the State House; in favor of U. S. stock; providing for the publication and distribution of the school laws; in favor of Samuel Gibson; in favor of the State Prison; in favor of Calais Academy; in favor of John Hucks.

The Senate took up the bill establishing free banks—13 sections of which had yesterday passed to be engrossed. The remainder of the 35 sections were also passed to be engrossed. On motion a provision was added, forbidding the treasurer to issue bonds or notes for the purpose of the stock of any city whose debts exceed one fourth of the valuation of the real estate

The Muse.

THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER.

BY G. F. JAMES.

High hopes and bright thoughts early broke,
And aspirations, noble, though wild,
A heart too strong, a power too unchecked,
A dream that earth-things could be undified.
But soon, around them, grew a golden chain,
That bound the woman to more human things,
And taught with joy to feel the pulse of life,
That there are limits 'neath the wings of fate.
Hand and child—the loving and beloved—
From the vast of thought, a mortal part,
The impassioned will and mother, yielding proud
Mind has, itself, a master—in the heart.
In distant lands, untroubled by old fears,
Thou, captain, led the only child thy spirit knew,
But, faithful, led thy captives, from the shame
Of ancient freedom, to the pride of new.
And loved them close around thee on the deck,
With many a happy "merry nautical" tale;
The while horizon round thee had no speck;
E'en doubt itself could see no cloud arise.
The loved ones close around thee, when the sail
O'er the Atlantic billows, onward bore,
Thy freight of joy, and the expanding glow
Thy glad bark toward thy native shore.
The loved ones close around thee still, when all
Was darkness, tempest, terror and dismay—
More closely clung around thee, when the pull
Of fate was falling o'er the mortal clay.
With them to live—with them to die—
Sublime of human love and human life!
Was thy last prayer unto the Deity,
And it was granted thee by life divine.
In the same billow—in the same dark grave—
Mother, and child, and husband, died their rest.
The dream is ended; and the solemn wave
Gives back the gift to her country's breast.

THE TELEGRAPH.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

When the half century, that now expires,
Drew its first breath; of Telegraph wires,
Nothing was known; a bonfire on a hill
Had long announced approaching good or ill.
The Hebrews' fire-sign on Beth Nacore
Told of the spoiler that was threatening there;
And the same signal bled the Greek with joy,
And knew from that the fate of fallen Troy.
Bale-fire that played on Cheviot's rocky head
Reflected from the Teutonic's glassy bed,
Advised the wary Scot of the "hour,"
When from the South "approached poor Edward's" power.
Nay, then the wooden Telegraph's long arm
Had just been taught to indicate alarm;
And, I believe, Breguet and Bismarck,
Had also made the Gallic semaphore,
To do as much to that, and something more.
"Till be remembered that the fam'd "blue-light,"
That shored so treacherously on Grotus's heights,
To show the British how to run away
From our own guns, were of a later day.
But now, both editors and news-boy laugh
At bale-fire and the tinier telegraph,
Thicker than you can light your pipe from
More yokes the lightning to his car of wire,
And if the message travels with the sun,
In less than no time is the message done.
On Heaven's sweet light, and all the affairs of men—
A Hero Chieftain, lying down his pen,
Closes his eyes in Washington at ten;
The lightning comes along his line,
And at St. Louis tells the tale at nine;
Hailing a thousand miles where he departed,
And getting there an hour before he started.

The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE POWER OF MERCY.

The quaint old world of Lumborough is quiet enough in general. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the hedge-bound road which leads to it, carts, chaises, and vehicles of every description are juggling along filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gaily with the dark coats, or grey smock-frocks of the front row; from every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sabbathers, is the scene of agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer, the burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

"The answer is—"Transportation for life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eyes scanned the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheeks grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensibly upon the green sward—it was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful, he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoilt by the trampling of many feet. All his life the last few months floated before him, his residence in his father's hotel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate scenes he had as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, and the armed, their heavy return, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some farmer in town, the court, the trial the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them in pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of grass on which he leaned. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," said he to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage at Millwood. I will go there at once—it is almost dark already. I will do as I heard my father say he once did to the Squire. I will see his barn and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it—he shall get no more fathers transported."

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leaf-

less trees, and George West's teeth chattered at his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul was stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him; so he softly climbed over, but scarcely had he dropped down on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He covered down behind a hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the dog dared to stir, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge determined to return to Lumborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry—besides, the woman would be out for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn position returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and, once more, courageous though angrier, he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sabbard. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, he makes a desperate effort to escape—but a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?"

Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search for their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the boy had dropped, and at that time he stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, George led till they entered a small, poorly furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit.

The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes rested on the floor, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud, bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton, "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on the stool whilst I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents: "I have no wish to do you any wrong, but your poor boy, look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me; you need not be so frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

"Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? On whom he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave, compassionate countenance, he felt that it was not.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but his better nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his enemy, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young peasant still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife; he kissed her as she asked him how he succeeded with the wicked man in the jail.

"He told me," replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed, his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He was ever treated with agonizing energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked his wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the lady ceased to sob. Breathlessly she heard the account of his father's last request, of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfill it. He started up, ran toward the door, and endeavored to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him—"You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness," said a new flood of tears gushed forth; and George West said between his sobs.

"Whilst you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I cannot bear it!" He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were so much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story; he related his trials, his aims, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, his rage at the exaltation of the crowd; his desolation on recovering from his swoon, his thirst for vengeance; the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untutored, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crying boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the forest of the upbraidings of his old

companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildering tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreamed to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained both the beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy, of the great, yet loving Father, of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest, of the force and efficacy of the sweet testament, "Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was then head plowman to a neighboring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish.

THE BROKEN FLOWER POT.

[The story which follows, illustrating so beautifully the lessons of truth and self-sacrifice, we extract from the "Caxtons," by Bulwer.]

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer) and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf, blue, white and china flower-pot, which had been set on the window sill of an upper story fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up around my father's legs. Sublime in his studies as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, "my flower pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"Oh!" said my mother, mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the light last May—I would rather the best tea set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself; then the dear, dear flower pot! That naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father, why, I know not, except that very talkative, social persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy ones.

She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention and cried promptly, "No, no, it was not the dear boy, bless his flower, it was I!"

"You! how could you be so careless! and you know how I prized them both. Oh Primmins!" Primmins began to sob.

"Don't tell this, nurse," said a small, shrill voice, and Master Sissy, (coming out of the house as bold as brass) continued rapidly, "don't sulk Primmins, it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said the nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake.

"Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant. Did you, master Sissy! Speak! [this in a whisper] or you will be so angry."

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me, I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower pot on purpose."

"Hat and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now bear me, do bear me."

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me in his breast. "Fey," he said, "you have done wrong, you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a boy who spoke the truth in spite of fear. Oh! Mrs. Primmins, the next false of this kind you try to teach him, and we part forever!"

From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father, and knew that he loved me; from that time, too, he began to converse with him. He would no longer, if he met me in the garden, pass by, and smile and nod; he would stop, put his book in his pocket, and, though his talk was often above my comprehension, still, somehow, I felt happier and better, and less of an infant, when I thought over it, and tried to puzzle out the meaning; for he had a way of suggesting and teaching, putting things into my head, and there leaving them to work out their own problems. I remember a special instance with respect to that same flower-pot and geranium. Mr. Squills, who was a bachelor, and well to do in the world, often made me presents.

Not long after the event I have narrated, he gave me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children—it was a beautiful, large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilded. This domino box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day, when he found me ranging the ivory squares in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw your box out of the window, and break it for fun?" I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue and white flower pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mother's window sill?"

"Indeed, I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions, good actions mend bad actions."

So saying he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his phorism. But I knew that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes, very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to—(a town about two miles off) will you come and by-the-by, bring your domino box. I should like to show it to a person there. I ran for the box, and not a little proud of walking with my father on the high road, we set out.

"Papa," said I, by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"Why, how then, can my domino box be changed into a geranium and a blue and white flower pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here, and he touches my heart, 'and one here,' and he touches my forehead."

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Pissistratus!" What a name.

My father stopped at a nursery garden's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium.

"Ah! this is finer than that which your mother was so fond of. What is the cost sir?"

"Only 7s. 6d.," said the gardener. My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he, gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a China warehouse. "Have you flower pots like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. This is some months to wait. And we can wait, master Sissy. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word, that is never broken, is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had dropped before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, and who sell all kinds of nick-nacks. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry—"I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which you entered Mrs. Caxton into raffling for, last winter. Show your domino box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopkeeper was liberal in his commendations.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything will you give him ten shillings?"

"Why sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of these pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings," said my father; "you would give that. Well, my boy, whenever you grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill and went out. I fingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower pot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, smiling at the two fairies!

Oh! how proud, how overjoyed was I, when after placing vase and flower on the window sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing, and his money!" said my father, "good actions have needed the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino box that you were so fond of! We will go back to-morrow and buy it back, if it costs double."

"Shall we buy it back, Pissistratus?" asked my father.

"Oh, no—no—no! It would spoil all," I cried, burying my face in my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice; undo not what it should teach to his dying day!"

And this is the history of the broken flower pot.

Swimming the Creek.

"Old Col. D—, of the Mobile District, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities. Tho' hard to beat, he was once terribly taken by two legal tyrants."

"It seems that Col. D—, had had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to, and was not on speaking terms with them, although all of the three were professionally riding the circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Colonel's irascible nature, determined, as they left one of the courts for another, to have some sport at his expense by the way. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving, and presently arrived at a broad, dark stream, that looked as if it might be a dozen feet deep, but which in reality was hardly more than as many inches. Crossing it, they alighted, pulling off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch for the old 'Tartar.'"

"Jogging along, at length, up came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they had just had a swim—and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like a fluent, translucent star. The Colonel was awfully puzzled.

"Is this—creek swimming?" he growled, after a pause of some moments.

"No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses, and rode off some little distance and stopped to watch our hero.

"The Colonel slowly divested himself of boots, pantaloons and drawers. He neatly tied up in his handkerchief, and hung them to the horn of the saddle. Then he remounted, and as he was a fat, short man, with a stomach of invincible rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he strode his steed, with the 'breeze holding gentle dalliance' with the extremities of his only garment."

"Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the creek. Half a length—and the water was not fetlock deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and a half—and the stream no deeper! Thirty feet farther, and a decided shoaling."

"Here Col. D— reigned up. 'There must,' said he, 'be a swift, deep channel between this and the bank—see how the water runs! We will dash through.'"

"A sharp lash made the horse spring over a 'watery waste'; and another carried the horse and rider safely to the opposite bank.

"A wild yell from the 'young'uns' announced their appreciation of the sport as they galloped away.

"I'll catch you, rascals!" was growled out between Col. D—'s teeth—and away they went.

"On—they sped!—pursued and pursued! The youngsters laughed, yelled and screamed—the Colonel swore with mighty emphasis, while his shirt flung and crackled in the wind, like a loose flying sheet."

"On—they pursued reached a farmhouse on the road-side. Their passing startled a flock of geese from a fence-corner, which, as the Colonel dashed up, met him with outspread wings, elongated necks, and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly, and the Colonel in a moment, was upon the ground, in a most unromantic 'heap,' with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around."

"The white-headed children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster—as it seemed to them—and then returned to report progress. After a little time the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, the Colonel swearing and the countryman laughing all the while.

"Dressed and remounted, our hero started off with a woful sigh, and was soon out of sight."

[Alabama Journal.]

Sabbath Reading.

From the Knickerbocker for June.

LINES TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When on my ear your loss was heeled,
And tender sympathy ached,
A little rift from memory welled,
Which once had muffled my bitter thirst:

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of the old relief;
That it might be as healing day,
To steal some cheer from your grief.

After our child's untimely death
Up to the FATHER took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay:

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine shed,
Was told to us by one we love:

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon caught the meadow's tender prime;
And when the soil grew brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb.

To airy shelves of pasture green
That hang about the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the endless slide.

But night came to tempt the timid things
That step and tread the path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And sacred blood the pasture lie:

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the daisy verge to go,
Then, fearless of the rift and break,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soil than lowland mead,
The shepherd folds his tender care,
And sleep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature taught,
Blow on the south wind free,
O'er grassy banks that float beneath
From icy thrones to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night,
Would all my happy hours away
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the steep way:

Holding our little lamb asleep;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Summed that voids along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave wet and cold—
There you must lie;
Ere I dig over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'll tell, if words you could say!
What grief make known for the loss of the day!
Sally you'll speak:
"Lie here must I ever!
Will the sun-light never
My dark grave reach!"

Have faith, little seed: soon yet again
Thou'll rise from the grave where thou art lain;
Thou'll be so fair,
With the green grass and light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air.

So we must sink in the earth's black mould,
Sink in the earth wet and cold;
There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time change to day,
And darkness to day.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Hints to Mothers.

As the first budgings of the infant mind are developed while under the immediate care of the maternal parent, a few hints to this lovely and responsible portion of the human family, may not be altogether inappropriate.

While the writer does most profoundly venerate the name of mother, he trusts they will not suppose him as viewing them incompetent to train the tender lambs committed to their charge, but rather from the deep internal he feels for the dear pledges of parent's mutual love, as persuading them to seek for that wisdom, which is from above, to aid and direct them in the discharge of the important duties they owe to their God, to themselves, and to their beloved offspring.

What is there on earth, so interesting, so beautiful, and emblematic of christian purity, as the lovely little one, just beginning to notice the moving world around him?

Then why should we wonder at the mother's strong and almost holy attachment to the darling object of her bosom! This, all will admit to be perfectly natural, and, to a certain extent, right. But that the doublings of a fond mother may be carried to the extreme, and prove injurious to the objects of her love, perhaps all will allow.

Children are susceptible of early instruction, and should not fail of it, when the mind is flexible and easily bent; but it is not too often the case that mothers, influenced by that kind of tenderness which in the end proves cruelly to the child, indulge the children until their unbounded wills are untwining to yield to wholesome restraint, and at a very early period in their own estimation become wiser than their parents! It was said by the wise king of Israel, who doubtless had his own knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses, "that a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," and has not our own observation repeatedly confirmed the truth of this assertion? A sorrowful instance of the kind, of recent date, which called forth feelings of sorrow and regret, both for child and parent, in part prompted the foregoing remarks, with a hope that they may be a means of stimulating parents to act wisely and eschew that kind of false love and tenderness for children, which in the end proves cruel, and brings both parent and child to shame. The writer is no stranger to a parent's love, and knows it often to be ardent, but believes that it to be unworthy the name, which proves the ruin of the child.